

BOOST ATHLETICS

Holly THE Leaf

ATTEND GAMES

VOLUME III

Maryland State Normal School, Salisbury, Md., November, 1928

NUMBER 2

ARMISTICE DAY IS CELEBRATED

Miss Ida Belle Wilson Speaks
On World Wide
Peace

MASONIC BODY PRESIDES

It will be years and years before the students and the members of the Masonic Body of the Chesapeake Royal Arch chapter No. 17, Salisbury, will forget the Armistice Program held on Monday, November 12. The true spirit of America and of Woodrow Wilson was displayed by all who participated in this commemoration or what happened ten years ago. The songs that were sung by the Glee Club and by the audience were sung so gladly, the poems that were read by Mary Hall and Mildred Neal were read so sympathetically, and addresses by Victor F. Carmine, M.E.H.P. of the Chesapeake Royal Arch Chapter and Mr. Charles E. Harper, Masonic Inspector for this district No. 17, and by our own beloved Miss Ida Belle Wilson were so stirring, that they can never be forgotten. Mr. Carmine reminded us of the marble memorial flag staff and pedestal with bronze tablet placed by the Chesapeake Royal Arch Chapter on Armistice day 1925 in front of the school, and told us that its purpose was two-fold: To commemorate the service members of their chapter gave in fighting for world peace, and to acknowledge their interest in education.

Miss Wilson's speech crowned the day. Readers of the Holly Leaf, was it her similarity in name to Woodrow Wilson that made her strongly advocate World Peace? Or was it, as we strongly suspect, her own self? We feel as if no mere quotations can do justice to her speech, but her thoughts were so beautifully expressed that we have attempted to duplicate them:

"Ten years ago yesterday America was celebrating the advent of the World Armistice with a hysterical joy which was duplicated in almost every civilized nation. We know that history is divided into epochs and when that Peace Pact was signed a new epoch of World history began—an era of World Peace. World Peace has joined us to history with a link that at first seemed so weak that it would not hold.

(Continued on Page 2)

AUDITORIUM FIRST USED BY P. T. A.

Have you seen the new State Normal School Auditorium? Its beauty is known through-out the county at least, as the first meeting held there was that of Wicomico County Parent Teacher's Association, Friday, October 19. Some outstanding men of the county and state were speakers for the occasion. Ralph H. Grier, president of the county association, presided.

The School Bond Issue was discussed from the financial standpoint by Mr. Howard Ruark, of Salisbury. The necessity for good roads was presented by Mr. Horace Clark, County Road Engineer and by Mr. John Mackall, chairman of State Roads Commission; Dr. Paul Titsworth, president of Washington College, Chestertown, talked about the school situation in Maryland.

There was a rather large representation of all the different Parent Teacher's Associations of the county. A number of Normal School students added to the already large crowd.

We were glad to have such a worthy organization be the first to have such a meeting in our auditorium and hope to have them with us again.



STUDENT COUNCIL

STUDENT COUNCIL ORGANIZES FOR YEAR

The tabulation of a ballot recently cast shows that the members of the Student Council for the coming year are: Seniors—Harriet Hearn, Dorothy Donoway, Betty Jackson; Juniors—Ruth Gretzinger, Aline Adkins, and Anna Bonner. The faculty representatives are Miss Ruth Powell, Miss Helen Jamart, and Mr. T. J. Caruthers.

The officers for the ensuing year are president, Harriet Hearn; vice president, Anna Bonner; secretary, Ruth Gretzinger; treasurer, Mr. Caruthers.

The Student Council is the executive organization of the Salisbury Normal School. It is not a disciplinary board, but acts as an advisory group. Its purpose is to furnish a means by which students and faculty may co-operate in the activities of the school. It has been instrumental in establishing a school store, managed by students, under a student co-operative plan. From it books and school supplies may be bought. Other ways in which the organization functions are planning the social program of the school, and assisting the Baglean and the Carnean societies to schedule competitive events.

Miss Hearn states that with the cooperation of all the members of the Student Council she hopes to make this year the best one in the history of the organization.

STATE P. T. A. MEETS AT SALISBURY

The Maryland Congress of Parents and Teachers held its thirteenth annual state convention, November 19-22, in Salisbury, the headquarters being the Wicomico Hotel and the Salisbury Normal School. The theme of the convention was "Worthy Home Membership." Many delegates and representatives attended.

We were glad to have the association in our midst for the following meetings.

Tuesday, November 20, 12:30 p. m., President's Luncheon. State Normal School. All presidents or their representatives were guests of the school.

1:30 P. M. Presidents' Conference at State Normal School.

5 P. M. Tree planting, State Normal School.

7:45 P. M. Mass meeting, State Normal School.

Miss Ruth Powell, our Social Director had charge of arrangements of the Presidents' Luncheon.

Miss Alice Krackowizer, with a committee of the faculty and students, arranged an exhibit of Industrial Arts work made by the Normal School students. This was done for the benefit of the visiting P. T. A. members.

The convention proved to be an inspiration and many new standards for P. T. A. work were set up.

SOCER TEAM PLAYS FIRST GAMES

On Wednesday, October 24, the M. S. N. S. at Salisbury had the privilege of playing its first soccer game since the school was founded.

Wicomico High School started the kick-off. Level headedness on the part of both teams held the score at an even zero, until the latter part of the second half.

Wicomico had just scored after a thick mixup in the penalty area. The M. S. N. S. Soccerites seemed to have lost pep until the goal was scored. "Br-r-r," came the murmur from each player's lips. At the point of scoring time was called by the captain, and in less than three minutes of play "ZIM!" There goes a goal for Normal School. The score was thus tied 2-2 and everybody was on his toes. The game ended replete with thrills from beginning to end.

The Normal School has only eleven boys, just enough for a team. It isn't such a bad team either. Just think, this is the first game of soccer the school has been able to witness on account of "lackness" of boys.

On November 5, Hebron came to Salisbury to play Normal School. Hebron, whose team is included in the Wicomico County P. A. L. has a very good record. Although most of their players are small, yet they seem to have a relishing amount of wind and good, snappy passwork.

The game started, and at the blow of the first whistle the ball came sailing down the field. Consequently the ball seemed to have gone from one side of the field to the other without scoring a goal.

The first half went by scoreless. Within two minutes of play a goal was scored by John Lord having received a pass from our "Mussolini."

(Continued on Page 4)

SCHOOL GRANGERS V GO TO WASHINGTON

Many members of S. N. S. Grange had been looking forward to November 16, when a trip of great interest began for them. The National Grange for the first time in years met in Washington, D. C., on the date.

The city attracted grange members from all over the United States. We could not imagine our grange being behind times! About ten members of our organization left in two cars on Friday morning. They attended the Grange meeting and had the honor and privilege of receiving the seventh degree, the highest conferred by the Grange, and the one given only at the meeting of the National Grange. Saturday was spent in sightseeing. Even practice teachers were excused for the trip.

The convention proved to be an inspiration and many new standards for P. T. A. work were set up.

SCHOOL OFFICIALS VISIT S. N. S.

Miss Nelson Commends School
On Its Ideal Practice
Centers

LIKE SCHOOL SPIRIT

Salisbury Normal School has been the host to numerous guests during the past few weeks. Among them were some of the state's leaders in education, who made a brief visit while on a trip to Salisbury in the interests of the study plan being tried in the Wicomico High School. Among the number were: Dr. Samuel M. North, Supervisor of high schools of the Western Shore; Superintendents Nicholas Orem, Prince George County; E. W. Pruitt, Somerset County; M. S. H. Unger, Carroll County; J. M. Bennett, Wicomico County; C. G. Cooper, Baltimore County; M. C. Wright, Hartford County; W. C. Phillips, Howard County; H. F. Cotterman, Professor of Agriculture at University of Maryland; J. T. Vernay of Dulaney-Vernay Company; and William Anthony of Giner and Company.

Some of these gentlemen were visiting the school for the first time. Many of them stated in their remarks during the dinner party that they were delighted with the spirit of friendliness and co-operation which is prevalent here. One of them stated that he had several S. N. S. graduates in his county, and that he found them always willing to tackle the new and difficult things. So impressed did some of the county superintendents seem with the professional attitude of the students, and the type of training given here that they offered four of the coming graduates positions for next fall. This is the first time in the history of the school that positions have been offered so early in the year. When the visitors left they expressed a desire to come again—and soon.

All of our guests have not been
(Continued on Page 2)

FINAL TOUCHES ADD TO S. N. S.

In all our descriptions of new class rooms, social rooms and auditorium, we seem to have forgotten those who keep the machinery of this school running smoothly, and without whom we would all be ships without rudders—our beloved counsellors, the faculty. They seem to have been neglected in the confusion that always attends moving into new rooms. At last, however, they have come into their own. Now our principal has his own inner sanctum guarded by Mrs. Culver's office. Our social director has a very attractive room, much more livable than the one formerly occupied. Each member of the teaching staff also has his own well equipped office. We shall be very proud of these new headquarters, for it adds greatly to the dignity of the school when our advisors are situated in comfortable and attractive offices.

We think it fitting to add here a word about the pictures that have recently been hung. These pictures, as one can see at a glance, have been carefully selected by those who know. They are tasteful and modest in coloring, yet their quality is proclaimed the minute they are seen. In each room are two or three pictures which seem best suited to the subjects usually discussed in that room. Each picture is a delight to the eye and well worth studying. And the least that can be said of these beautiful new paintings is that they confine one's attention, but that we have not yet acquired fully the "professional attitude."



The Holly Leaf



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NOVEMBER, 1928

ARE YOU "LIBRARY MINDED"?

You stroll into the library, wander aimlessly, drift into the farthest corner of the room—and lo! there is the coziest nook imaginable! Its shelves are filled with interesting story books, the walls are covered with gay, fanciful pictures of all descriptions, and on the long table there are pamphlets, magazines, and books without number. All these are interesting not only to children, but we would-be teachers find these papers and storybooks fascinating and instructive.

These books simplify our reading problems for they train and guide the child in such a way that he is interested and delighted with the process.

But what is the meaning of all this display of material? Read one of the pamphlets on the table and you will find November 11 to 17 is Book Week, a week devoted to furthering reading of the best type for children, especially.

The value of good books will be impressed upon the public. In a Normal School, of course, children's literature will be emphasized, and samples of all the best juvenile books to be found anywhere will be put out for inspection. This is a fine thing—this encouraging of literature and creating an interest in the best and most up-to-date books, and we feel that Book Week will be a great success.

Are we utilizing to the utmost our material in the library? Are we doing our share in becoming "library minded"? Think it over.

"TAKE THE AIR"

"Take the Air" is a well known slogan at S. H. S., but it is not to be taken figuratively. When we say "take the air" we mean get out into God's out-of-doors and breath into our lungs pure, fresh air.

A wise man was once asked which he would choose if he were to be given health or wealth. He promptly replied "Health." A wise man would choose health, but a student often thinks he is too busy to think about it. One thing every student should do, as regularly as he goes to meals, is get out in the air for one hour every day. There is no medicine which does as much for a student as fresh air, for it keeps him well. An old adage says, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." Let your pound of cure be in your hour, daily, spent in the open.

Give the common cold, which we hear so much about, the air, and it will not be so prevalent. Remember to get out daily and give yourselves an airing, and there will be less sickness in the dormitory than ever before.

Don't forget to "Take the Air."

A JUNIOR'S DIAGNOSIS

The Junior class have been in S. N. S. for eight weeks now. Needless to say we have begun to discover things about ourselves, Juniors, let us whisper it among ourselves—What has been our greatest discovery? Do I hear the roar of thunder, or is it this response from ninety-eight Juniors? "We've drawn the conclusion that after all we are not the drastically intelligent persons we had come to consider ourselves." Somebody called a meeting like this, "What I admire most in your school is the attitude each one has toward his work, play, and responsibilities to his school-mates."

According to an old adage, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof." Let us show you just what this school spirit is.

We try to make the work of our instructors, principal, and social director as easy for them as possible, by co-operating with them in our work and play. We help one another whenever possible. We are staunchly loyal to our school and to all for which it stands.

Let us be of good cheer, Juniors. After all, "the greatest fool is the man who hasn't sense enough to realize his lack of sense," and the man who pursues the path of least resistance finds that path terminating in an old age of merger subsistence. Every thing that is really worthwhile is bought with a price, and let it be said that the class of '30 was ready and willing to pay the price that the coming generations may have substantial shoulders upon which to stand. In the words of Paul I say, "I therefore beseech you that you walk worthy of the vocation wherewith you are called."

THE GREATEST TREASURE

The Y. W. C. A. is the greatest treasure of the Salisbury Normal School. On Tuesday and Thursday mornings, one may seek this treasure and find it in a "Y" meeting in a pretty little nook or in the Social room. And where

PEEP SHOWS OF STORY LAND

During Book Week the Senior II group worked out a little newspaper project. The paper, "Peep Shows of Story Land," was to be used for the purpose of motivating further reading of good children's books. The following are extracts which may prove valuable to prospective teachers and to the alumni.

HISPANOLA REACHES PORT

LOADED WITH TREASURE

Mystery Covers the Disappearance of Pirates

Last minute flashes tell us that the Hispaniola has dropped anchor in the port of Bristol. It brings with it Jim Hawkins, his crew, and a load of treasure. John Silver, Old Pew, and a number of desperate pirates, who sailed with the vessel, were not among those who came ashore singing.

"Fifteen men on a deadman's chest Yo, Ho, Ho, and a bottle of rum."

Many questions have been asked concerning their disappearance but Jim Hawkins and Squire Trelawney inform us that all can be learned by reading an account of their voyage in "Treasure Island," by Robert L. Stevenson.

** * *

The croquet game between the King and Queen of Hearts and the White of Hearts and the White Rabbit and Alice of Wonderland was suddenly halted by the appearance of the Cheshire Cat. We shall see in Alice's Adventures in Wonderland why the game suddenly stopped this time.

** * *

The trees gently swaying Are as rippling waves; The moon's streaming light A golden path paves.

It's Hope, oh my sad one, That beckons to thee.

Hope's voice whispers softly, "The best things are free!"

POLLY WHITE '29

** * *

The BEST THINGS ARE FREE!

Life's dear and life's lonesome, Sometimes, so it seems. And yet through the shadows, A bit of light gleams.

It's Hope, oh my sad one, That beckons to thee.

Hope's voice whispers softly,

"The best things are free!"

Come, look up, not downward; Find all of life's best.

There are riches unheard of, In earth, beauty dressed.

The trees gently swaying Are as rippling waves; The moon's streaming light A golden path paves.

They're free for the lowly, The rich, and the meek, Are we not all God's children—

The strong and the weak?

Then let us live always Life's treasures to see;

In all 'round about us,

The best things are free!"

MAY WILLIS '29

** * *

FADS AND FANCIES

Stylish young men who are taking part in King Arthur's tournament will remember that a lady's sleeve f stoned to one's helmet brings good luck as it did to Sir Launcelot's first son. The prescribed sleeve is one of crimson velvet, heavily embroidered with pearls.

** * *

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The best things are free!"

MAY WILLIS '29

** * *

ARMISTICE DAY

IS CELEBRATED

(Continued from Page 1)

QUEER QUERIES

Dear Miss Answer Mequick,

My father bought me the most lovely Little red jacket, blue trousers, purple shoes and a green umbrella. Then I went to the woods and had to give them to the tigers to keep them from eating me. Please tell me how to act in the future. Enclosed find a self addressed envelope to

LITTLE BLACK SAMBO"

You are indeed in a very sad state.

After much consideration I think the best thing you could do would be to choke all the tigers. It might be a better idea, however, to go home and let the tigers keep the clothes.

** * *

SCHOOL OFFICIALS

VISITS S. N. S.

(Continued from Page 1)

male, because Miss Margaret Nelson, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, was with us for several days. As a part of her work towards a Ph. D. degree she is making a study of the training schools connected with institutions for the training of teachers. She visited our practice centers and demonstration school, and examined in some detail the content of the never-ending courses offered in our school. We felt gratified, indeed, to hear Miss Nelson express herself as being particularly delighted not only with the spirit of friendliness and good-will of my school mates? What am I doing to prove to the school that I am a worthy member?"

We have a school building to be proud of. We want to prove to the outside world that our spirit is in keeping with the "fineness" of our surroundings.

Together, Juniors and Seniors, to keep the reputation we are gaining!

Ask yourselves the questions, "What can I do to show how I value the spirit of friendliness and good-will of my school mates? What am I doing to prove to the school that I am a worthy member?"

The correct answer is the keynote to good school education.

Today the link is so new it still shines. And if we observe very closely we'll find it is still frayed at the edges and weak in spots."

At present the Peace Pact is a mere scrap of paper, but if a piece of paper was powerful enough to send nations to war, can't it be strong enough to preserve peace? We, as Americans, are the only ones who can answer this. The opinions which we bring to bear on legislative powers will determine whether or not this new link will shine through the ages.

"Woodrow Wilson died years ago of nothing more or less than a broken heart. A heart broken because his country would not follow his lead for world peace. A friend of mine has placed Wilson's photograph between a framed duplicate of the Kellogg Pact and a picture of the cathedral. She remarked 'though the cathedral in Washington contains his body, the Peace Pact holds his soul.'

According to an old adage, "The proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof." Let us show you just what this school spirit is.

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who hasn't sense enough to realize his lack of sense," and the man who pursues the path of least resistance finds that path terminating in an old age of merger subsistence. Every

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willing to pay the price that the coming

generations may have substantial

shoulders upon which to stand. In

the words of Paul I say, "I therefore

beseech you that you walk worthy of

the vocation wherewith you are

called."

** * *

TO ALL OUR READERS:

WE WISH YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR.

** * *

(Continued on page 4)

PEEP SHOWS OF STORY LAND

OUR POET'S CORNER

MY RENDEZVOUS

TO WHERE IN THE GLIMMER OF AUTUMN

IN THE AIR OF OCTOBER'S NIGHT

THERE'S A PATTERN OF JET BLACK LACE

IN A MIRROR OF SILVER LIGHT.

TO WHERE, IN THE SHADOWS OF EVENING,

I CAN REST AND BE ALONE

WITH AUTUMN BREEZES FROM MY CROWN

AND PINE NEEDLES FOR MY THRONE.

'NEATH THE STARS—THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN—

AND IN THE RADIANCE OF THE MOON

MY DROWSY HEAD A-NODDING GOES

TO THE CHARM OF THE BIRDS' SWEET TUNE.

IT'S SO CALM—SO SILVERY BEAUTIFUL—

WITH THE WORLD LEFT FAR BEHIND,

I THINK MY TRUEST HAPPINESS

IN MY RENDEZVOUS I FIND.

POLLY WHITE '29

THE ARBOR MYSTERY

by

GUESS WHO?

Bab, with nerves a tingle, and heart threatening to leap through her faded jumper, pointed to a thick, stony bush.

"There," she directed—"they can't see you if—if you lay low."

The young man moved quickly. And as he did so, Bab saw in his face an expression unlike any that had ever peered out at her from the criminal eyes of the pictures hung in the post office with "Reward offered" blazoned across the top of the sheet. Undoubtedly, she determined, he was alarmed at the probabilities which the shot indicated. But even more undoubtedly, she concluded, there was something about his bearing which would prompt only scorn from any confirmed thug.

SOCER TEAM PLAYS FIRST GAMES

(Continued from Page 1)

Directly after this goal was scored, a Hebronite made a sensational kick toward the goal and incidentally scored a goal nearly from mid-field. The score was tied and thus ended the game.

With the agreement of both captains and coaches (due to the fact that the scores were tied) two extra 10 minute halves were granted.

The game #2 started and goals began to pour in from all sides. Then a Hebronite (substituting for Ellis, who was sick) kicked a goal for us. Collins, Burton, and Ellis played splendid parts in the game. The "backs" also played an important part and with the aid of Fisher the game was very well backed up. Huffer, Miciotto and Matthews composed the halfbacks; Brown, Bryan, and Fisher, goal tenders.

The game ended 10-2 in favor of good old Normal School.

The line up for both games was:

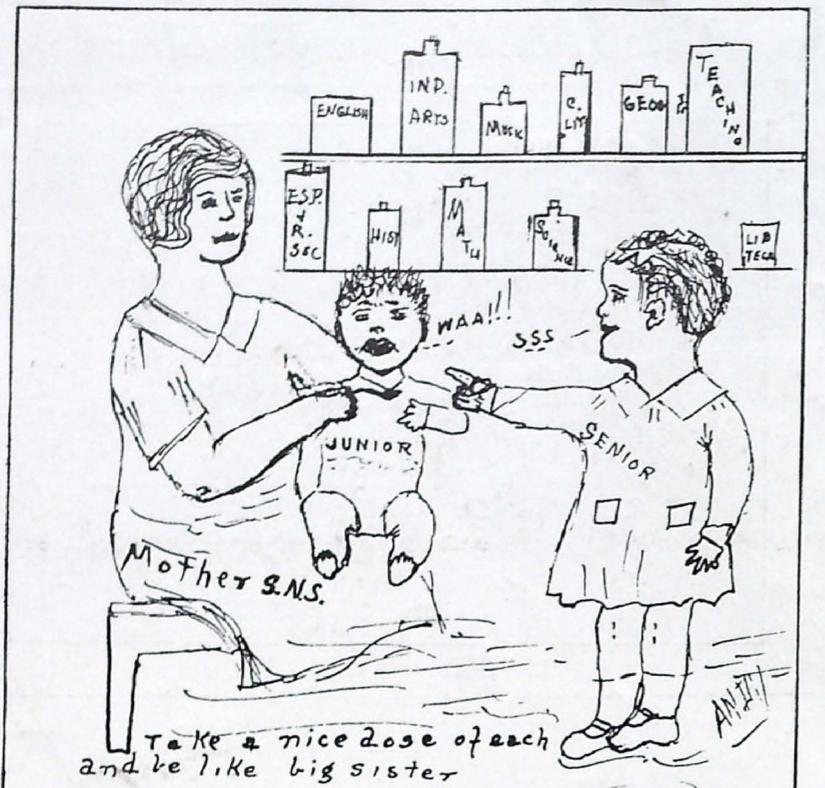
G. Miciotto, c.h.b.
J. Lord, c.f.
N. Ellis, r.o.f.
R. Smith, l.f.f.
E. Huffer, l.b.b.
M. Brown, r.b.b.
R. Collins, l.b.b.
C. Bryan, r.f.b.
C. Fisher, g.
R. Burton, l.o.f.
W. Matthews, r.l.f.

ARMISTICE DAY IS CELEBRATED

(Continued from Page 2)

This year when summer passes, gently sighing,

And winter, silent, stands a bit away,
There comes a hush, unborn and yet undying—



(Oh, Belieau Wood—before the snow starts falling,
Do you remember the hours of grim desire?
And Chatean Thierry, past the north wind's calling
Do you look back on blood, and tears and fire?
Our armistice—our truce with yesterday!
The Argonne forest, red with frost tinged glory,
Was redder with another braver stain
Ten years ago—when nations wrote a story
In letters that were made of tears and pain!)

Steve—I know the earth moves on its axis, but what is its axis anyway?
Denison—it's only an imaginary line of course.
Steve—Then the globe moves on its imagination doesn't it?
Are reaching from the shadows to remind us
That peaceful years, please God, shall lie ahead!—Margaret E. Sangster.



The Holly Leaflet



JACK'S GAME

Once a little boy went into the woods to hunt for leaves. His name was Jack. He had studied about trees and their leaves. He found oak, pine, sassafras, persimmon, and maple leaves.

He asked his mother to guess the names of the leaves. She had three guesses. She guessed the maple and the pine. Then Jack told her what the others were.

When his father came home, he asked him to play the game, too. He knew everyone but the persimmon. Jack was glad he knew the names of so many trees.

WILLIAM HOLLOWAY
Grade 3

OUR NEW LIBRARY

This year we have a library. It is in the northwestern part of the building. This room is number 105 and is across from Miss Weant's room.

The room is oblong and small. On the window sills are pretty ferns, vines and other kinds of plants. In the room are three bookcases. Nearly every shelf is full of books.

There are two tables and about six chairs for each table. There will soon be another smaller table and chairs for Miss Parker's people.

We have many books and very interesting ones too. We all enjoy them and even the older people like to read them. Everybody reads the books and I don't think anybody could do without them. At least I couldn't.

We are lucky to have a library. Abraham Lincoln had to walk twenty miles for a book, but we walk just across the hall.

ELEANOR LONG
Grade VI

A PARTY IN BOOKLAND

The clock struck twelve. Immediately the large silent library was astir. Down came Aladdin with his wonderful lamp to lead them to Alice's party in Wonderland. Following him were Robin Hood and his merry men dressed in green. Robinson Crusoe and his man, Friday dressed in bear's skin, Jim Davis, Ali Baba and the forty thief, Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn, with clothes large enough for a man.

They played games and told stories. They played ring around the rosy and had a relay with Silver Pennies. Tom Sawyer told his story about white washing the fence.

Alice served refreshments. The party broke up at 3 o'clock in the morning. Aladdin led the people back to the bookshelves.

ALWYN WOOLSTEN
Grade VI

OUR MAP

After our excursion, we told Miss Weant's fourth grade about it. We made a map so that the children could understand where we went.

On the map were the Normal School, College Avenue, Pennsylvania Rail-

OUR NEW TEXTBOOKS

The Fourth Grade has new Geography textbooks. They are the revised edition of the Elementary Geographies Part I, by McMurry and Parkins.

We are learning many things with these new geographies. We are learning how to pronounce the hard words and how to read maps. We are learning about soil, rainfall, irrigation and farming in the Western States.

We like Geography very much.

RICHARD GRIER
Grade IV

road, South Division Street, Fook's Mill, the pond, and the names of all the trees we found.

We liked it.

SHIRLEY POWELL
Grade 3

OUR EXCURSION

The first, second and third grades went on an excursion. We went part of the way in a bus. After we got to Fook's Mill we walked into the woods.

Some of the children went with Miss Tess. Others went with Miss Willis.

Each one wanted to be Billy's Jack o'lantern.

We wanted to see if we could recognize the trees that we had studied by their leaves. We knew sixteen different trees.

Each child took many leaves home and played a guessing game with his father and mother.

Everyone enjoyed the excursion.

JACK HODGES
Grade 3

Maryland State Normal School
Salisbury, Md.

November 2, 1928

Dear Ruth,

I have no idea of what kind of books you like, but I like "Jim Davis."

It is by John Masefield. It is a pirate story. You don't get us interested in the first part but after you read about three chapters you will like it very much. It has twenty of the best pirate stories you ever read. It also has four excellent illustrations which give you an idea of the things that are being told in the chapter you are reading.

There are many other kinds of good books in our part of the library; such as "Men of Huckleberry Finn," "Little Women," "Silver Pennies," "Uncle Re-

LITTLE INDIAN

Little Indian was sitting on a post. He'd put on his best clothes.

Along came a little ghost. Then came a little rabbit. He was white and gray. He had long ears and a short tail. It was shaggy.

Then little Indian went into the kitchen. He said, "Mother, may I have a party? A ghost, a rabbit and a little squirrel are here."

While Little Indian's father and more Indians came.

Little Indian had a nice party.

VIRGINIA ROSE VINCENT
Grade 2

ONE HALLOWEEN

There were three pumpkins in the garden. Their names were Big Pumpkin, Middle-sized Pumpkin, and Little Pumpkin.

Each one wanted to be Billy's Jack o'lantern.

Big Pumpkin grew so fast he burst.

Middle sized Pumpkin burst too.

Little Pumpkin grew just the right size.

One day Billy went into the garden.

He found Little Pumpkin. Then he scooped all the inside out. Two round holes were his eyes. He cut a triangle for his nose and a mouth with two teeth. When he finished, he put a candle in it and set it up on a post. He went into the house.

After he had gone some little children came to see him. When they saw the Jack o' lantern they were afraid and ran away. Billy laughed.

ROBERTA MORRIS
Grade 3

AND IT HAPPENED ON ROW 13

(Continued from Page 2)

"Aren't you getting cold?"
"No, I'm just tired of that wild playing."

"Humph—you can't expect any better from that bunch."

"Say, how about inviting Tom Williams to go out with us tonight?"

"What? What did you say? Man, just how long has it been since you've been in Philadelphia? You remind me of Rita Van Winkle."

"Why, I haven't been here for about six years. Why not invite Tom?"

"Well, it's just this way. Tom's married! And we don't want any wives on this party."

"Married!"

"I should say so! He married a girl with the most explosive disposition I ever bumped up against."

"Exit Tom!"

"Seriously now, I can't stand this game much longer. It bores me dreadfully."

"O maybe we can stick it out."

"Nothing doing, it's just one grand fumble. Come on, we're going."

The touchdown which was in the process of being made quite evidently didn't attract their attention.

They left.

TERM EVENTS PROGRAM

Given by Senior I

This letter was taken from a Current Events Program on term events given by Senior I in their last class in Rural Sociology with Miss Wilson.

* * *
M. S. N. S.
Dec. 6, 1928

Dear Mother:

I received your letter this morning and it cheered me up quite a bit but I am about as downhearted as ever now; I took three stiff tests today. We have been having tests all week and will be having them again tomorrow.

It has been nothing but hard work here since I came. We have been making something all the time, Large Units, Scrap Books, etc. You probably don't know what they're all about. Well, honestly, I don't either.

Just let me name over the things I have to do tonight. "Catch up" three notebooks, make charts in Hygiene, outline forty pages in History, read Lickley, and make six drawings in Biology, and file cards for six books for card catalogue.

It is now seven o'clock so I must close and begin to work my brain on something, that I don't know what, now, or why to do.

Will write more in the morning.

Your dear little Junior in Normal

Fri. A. M.

Let me tell you about the wonderful time I had last night, but first let me apologize for the terrible things I said about Normal life in my letter last night. I was just downhearted because I had so much work to do, but there wasn't so much to do after all. I finished all those things named last night by nine o'clock, then I got my shower and put my pajamas on. Just then I heard a "rap-a-tap-tap" on the door and in walked a Senior and asked my room-mates to join them in the Chesapeake Bay, and marked off a tract of land one mile square, naming it after himself. Doubtless, he thought it a beautiful country.

The magnificent oak and pine timber covering the land, formed a background for the grassy slope that came down to meet the sandy beach, while lapped the waters of the Chesapeake Bay. It is said that the first settlers came from St. Mary's and Calvert counties. Among the first were Raymond Stapleford, Francis Armstrong and John Taylor. They cleared the land of timber, and made fire farms there. The cultivation of tobacco and corn was the principal employment of the people.

Taylor's Island is mainly low and flat, with the exception of a few ridges, which have a sandy loam. The low lands consist of clay. At one time it proved profitable to its owners, but the high tide of 1876 and the succeeding years caused much of it to become of no value in respect to agriculture.

Since then, however, the land has been improved by making banks and draining it to prevent the standing of water upon it, until it now yields corn, wheat, tomatoes, potatoes, and many other crops. Much of the land around the shore, called marshes, which was once considered useless, has been very profitable to those who tried to catch muskrats and other little fur-bearing animals which are found there. The island is covered with tall, coarse grass, which is sometimes used for grazing.

Almost forgot to tell you about my History Scrap Book. I found out this morning that I got A on it.

Life isn't so tough, after all.

It's time for class so I'll have to stop.

Love Your Junior

P. S. I want sister to come here next year.

AND IT HAPPENED ON ROW 13

(Continued from Page 2)

"Aren't you getting cold?"

"No, I'm just tired of that wild playing."

"Humph—you can't expect any better from that bunch."

"Say, how about inviting Tom Williams to go out with us tonight?"

"What? What did you say? Man, just how long has it been since you've been in Philadelphia? You remind me of Rita Van Winkle."

"Why, I haven't been here for about six years. Why not invite Tom?"

"Well, it's just this way. Tom's married! And we don't want any wives on this party."

"Married!"

"I should say so! He married a girl with the most explosive disposition I ever bumped up against."

"Exit Tom!"

"Seriously now, I can't stand this game much longer. It bores me dreadfully."

"O maybe we can stick it out."

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The touchdown which was in the process of being made quite evidently didn't attract their attention.

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Our Historic Eastern Shore



TAYLOR'S ISLAND

Maryland, the "Old Line State." At one time there were three such islands by the English in 1634, is nearly divided by the Chesapeake Bay. The one left standing was

SCROOGE LIVES FOREVER

(Continued from Page 3)

was saved from hitting his head against the street only by the quickness of Martin's actions, who had managed to catch him.

"Narrow escape, mister," said Martin, cheerfully, "but I judge you're no worse for the fall."

"Only because of your kindness; I am greatly indebted to you, sir. Why are you staring at me so? Jennie, hand me my cane, please."

"Jennie!" quavered Martin. "Tom: don't you know me?"

The old man peered into the other's face. "By all that's holy! Gary Martin."

"Tell me! Tell me! Where did you find her?" panted Gary Martin, pointing at the little girl, who was gazing at them both in utter amazement.

"In the Orphans' Home. She was put there after you left her," explained the girl's uncle.

"Jennie girl, this is your father." But the child only continued to stare in dull wonder.

"I have been the most miserable sinner possible; keep her, Tom, and teach her at least to have a generous spirit." Martin started off down the street.

"Martin, come back," called Tom Wheelton, "I can't find it in my heart to have a grievance against anybody on Christmas Eve, so come home with us and let us all have a merry Christmas."

Many were the remonstrances of Martin, but in the end the child and her uncle managed to get him to the car. When they came in sight of the cottage whose windows were gay with holly wreaths, and blazing with light, Jennie cried, "Won't Aunt Milly be delighted when she sees my very own daddy?" She laughed gleefully. After Milly Wheedleton's first great surprise and amazement at beholding her brother she welcomed him into the bright house with joy. After the happy family were seated around the fire, the

thought crossed Martin's mind, "When thou givest thy gift is returned to thee in full measure," and he whispered a silent prayer.

"Listen!" Jennie broke off from her merry scream of chatter, and ran to the window and raised it.

As Martin listened an utter peace flooded his soul for from without came the voices from the village church, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

DORIS COOPER '30

P. T. A. PLANTS**TREES ON CAMPUS**

(Continued from Page 1)

Joyce Kilmer, which was followed by the singing of the P. T. A. song.

Dr. Holloway accepted the tree in behalf of M. S. N. S. and said, "We accept this tree thankfully and reverently. You will notice that we have planted the oak to complete an equilateral triangle, the other two corners of which were formed by an oak presented in 1926 by members of a study group conducted here, and another oak which Miss Mabel Carney, for whom one of our literary societies is named, presented to our school. To me the triangle is symbolic of completeness, and here we have represented the church, the school, and the home."

Dr. Holloway also called the attention of the company gathered there to the fact that the tree was planted by the historic spade which dug the first spadeful of soil when the normal school was begun. Senator C. R. Disheroon, the chairman of the senatorial committee that prepared, introduced, and had passed the bill for this school, was the first one who used it. In later years this spade, which was originally chosen from common stock, will tell the story of S. N. S. in an interesting volume. Dr. Holloway then dedicated the oak tree just presented to perpetual service in the interests of children.

The P. T. A. tree planting was one of many lovely and inspirational programs held here at the State P. T. A. Among the others was a talk by Mr. Benson on "Profitable Use of Leisure Time." This talk by Mr. Benson was enjoyed quite as much as were the other interesting meetings held here and in Salisbury.

SPEAKS ON GOOD READING IN THE HOME

(Continued from Page 5)

the John Newberry medal in 1925) a collection of humorous Chinese folk stories.

Miss Matthews also went into detail on the subject of poetry, stories for boys, and stories for girls. She was assisted in this by the Normal School girls, Miss Mary Hall, Miss Beulah Dixon, and Miss Ruth Anderson, who in each case told stories to illustrate a point made by the speaker. Miss Matthew's address was greatly appreciated by all who heard her.

The night of the day Miss Matthews spoke in Federalsburg she also gave an address in a meeting of the East New Market Parent Teacher Association. Here, too, she was assisted by the Senior girls.

TAYLOR'S ISLAND

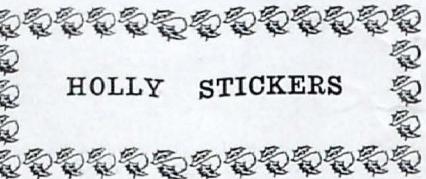
(Continued from Page 5)

and its automobiles, auto trucks, and aeroplanes, we find that this place, as well as others, has made great progress in the last few years, but despite its present "up-to-dateness" Taylor's Island on the Chesapeake still has memories of its quiet, sleepy past

Seen in a test paper—A scullion is a hedgehog.

"In the Beginning"

A completion test reader—God made the animal and Satan let him pass for man

**HOLLY STICKERS****"Great Minds Run"**

Miss Wilson—What is a problem lesson?

Dot Buffett—* * * That's what Bagley and Keith says.

Miss Wilson—Yes, but what do you say?

Dot Buffett—I? Oh, I agree with Bagley and Keith.

Poor Jumbo

Senior I—The minerals found in South Africa are iron ore, coal and ivory.

Such Literature

Iris in a practice school—Since we are talking about this continent I'm going to tell you a story about it today. That is—I mean it's a true story.

S. N. S. Furniture Factory

What do you do to a nail after it has been driven in the varnish work of furniture?

One of the Juniors—Remove the nail and varnish over the hole.

Scene from a Zoo

Turner, to a fifth grade in her practice school—What does anecdote mean?

James—It's an animal something like a billy goat.

Lost and Found Bureau

Announcer from WSMD—You will now hear a vocal solo by Miss May Willis, accompanied by Miss Gladys E. Feidler—The Lost Chord.

Combustible?

A fluently speaking Senior in Oral Expression class—Whenever we are asked we should be ready to give an spontaneous speech.

The Holly Leaflet

**CHRISTMAS EVE**

Once there was a little boy named Jack. It was Christmas Eve and he had to go to bed early.

At eight o'clock he went to bed. Before his mother went downstairs he said, "Mother, stay up until Santa Claus comes so you can tell him I want a bicycle and some games. If he has something else that you think I'd like, tell him to leave that too, please. Oh, mother, do not forget to tell him to trim the Christmas tree, too."

Jack went to sleep and had happy dreams about Christmas.

WILLIAM T. SMITH JR.

Grade 3

SANTA CLAUS

Santa Claus comes with a bag full of toys,
Some for little girls and others for boys.
He comes in an airship but nobody knows
Exactly when he comes or where he goes. PHYLLOIS WILLIAMS

Grade 3

MY CHRISTMAS ON A BOAT

Children should be happy at Christmas time. A few years ago I enjoyed Christmas Eve on a boat called "City of Hongkong."

All of the children were playing when the captain told us to come out and look at the Rock of Gibraltar. Then he told us we might have a Christmas party.

After dinner we heard a noise on the deck. After the noise some of the children began to cry. Then we heard a rapping on the window. The captain opened it and Santa Claus climbed in. He said "Merry Christmas."

All of the children said, "Merry Christmas."

We were given many toys. Then Santa Claus started away, the children called "Stop!" All of us hugged him.

The next morning we were out on the ocean. Our ship was rocking but I was very happy because I had many gifts. FLORENCE BYRD ALLEN

Grade 2

OUR SANDTABLE

We have learned many things about Indians and Pilgrims. We put Indians on the sandtable. Some of them were made of clothespins and others were made of corncobs. A few were made of clay. Real dolls were dressed like Indians. One little papoose was hanging in the breeze. Under the tree, an Indian chief sat smoking his pipe.

In the middle of the sandtable was a little river. In it were bark canoes.

On the other side of the river were two Pilgrims looking at the Indians. They were made of clothespins.

Our Indians and Pilgrims not fight. SHIRLEY POWELL

Grade 3

OUR BOOK

The primary class made a book. It was about Indians and Pilgrims. We invited fourth grade to see it.

In the book we drew scenes. Then we wrote different paragraphs that described them. The child that copied the paragraph best, read it. The one that drew the best scene showed it to our visitors.

We hope they enjoyed it.

PHYLLOIS WILLIAMS

Grade 3

BOBBY'S CHRISTMAS

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Bobby. His family was very poor. He wanted a good Christmas dinner.

His sister Betty told him to hunt for a wild turkey. Bobby took his little gun and went into the forest. After a while he found a path. In it he saw a turkey feather. He thought a turkey must be near by. He looked through the bushes. He saw a turkey

and shot his gun—Bang! His aim was true.

The family enjoyed their Christmas dinner. ROBERTA MORRIS

Grade 3

OUR HIKE

One Friday afternoon Miss Jamart invited everyone in the upper grades to go on a hike with her Saturday morning at eleven o'clock.

The next morning we all started promptly. Miss Jamart told us to be looking for sticks on which to cook weiners. After a while we saw a bull. Miss Jamart said he would chase me because I had on a red dress.

In a short time we arrived at Fook's Mill. We turned into a little road and went into the woods. Then we played games.

At twelve o'clock we built a fire and roasted "we'ners" on sticks. After that we had some sugar buns. Some of the boys went to a farm house to get some water. When they came back we had a peanut scramble and a game of sprint ball.

We returned at 3:30. We told Miss Jamart we had a nice time, then we went home. PAULINE LONG

Grade 5

CHRISTMAS

Through the cold wintry snow
The cold winds blow.

'Tis Christmas tide!

Through the snow Santa will ride!

'Tis twelve o'clock!

I hear a knock!

'Tis Santa!

'Tis Santa!

When the clock strikes eight
We run at a rate

To see what Santa brought us.

I see a train!

A horse and rein!

What a happy Christmas!

HENRY WHITE

Grade 6

EVENING

When the evening lamp is lit,
Beside the blazing fire I sit.
And my mother reads to me
The nicest stories there could be.

She reads about the bob-o-link,
And roses red and white and pink.
I love my mother sweet and kind.
With happiness she fills my mind.

EVELYN EKSTROM

Grade 6

LOCAL NEWS

The Fifth Grade made a sandtable scene of the Pilgrim colony and of the Virginia colony.

Our parents bought us many new books for our library.

Mrs. Allen has given us two talks on India. She did this in connection with Fifth Grade Geography.

Brandon McLaughlin brought us a bowl of fish for our room. There are two fish and some grass in the bowl. This makes our room more attractive.

We gave a play at the P. T. A. meeting. It was called "The Mad Tea Party."

ELEANOR LONG

Grade 6

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Once upon a time there were two little girls. Their names were Mary and Betty. They were trying to be good before Christmas. It was nearly Christmas day. Mary said, "Mother, when are we going to buy our presents?"

"We are going to buy them today."

After several days had passed, they hung two stockings by the chimney and went to bed. The next morning they got up and went downstairs. What do you think they saw? They saw two big dolls, two baby carriages and some games. After that they had a happy Christmas.

RICHARD GRIER

Grade 4